

THE STORY TELLER

UNINTERESTING PEOPLE.

They live in a quiet sort of way.
In a quiet sort of a street;
They don't meet a great many people,
nor
Impress the people they meet.
The newspapers never mention their names;
The world doesn't care what they do.
They never go in for anything much,
And their intimate friends are few.

He never has had a favorite club.
Though somebody said he might.
For a little nose on the window pane
Await him every night;
And eight little fingers and two little thumbs
Undo all the work of the comb.
As he sits in the quietest sort of a way
In his quietest sort of a home.

She doesn't belong to a woman's club.
She hasn't a single fan.
She spends her time with a blue-eyed lass
And a mischievous little lad.
She never unraveled a Problem of Life;
She doesn't know lots of things;
She plays with the "kids" and works all day.
And most of the time she sings.

He isn't like most other husbands at all.
She isn't like most other wives;
And they never attempt to make a change
In the course of their quiet lives;
But once in a while they dress the "kids"
And go to spend the day
In a nice little country spot,
In a nice little quiet way.
—Maurice Brown Kirby, in Collier's Weekly.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Renee then opened her heart to her companion, and the iron-gray head of the doughty warrior was bent in wondering interest at the recital of the perils of the girl, the depth of a woman's love, the wound a feminine heart can suffer and yet live, and the strength of purpose of a noble nature that has resolved to conquer, even though it be by flight. She told of the Comte de Miron, of his duel with Tontil, of her adventure in the chair, of her love she felt to be returned, of the appearance of the comte in Quebec. As regards Tontil she contented herself with saying that she had learned that she was mistaken in her estimate of the man, that he was all unworthy of her love, and that, in short, she had ceased to love him. Her reticence as to the cause of her change of feeling, the vehemence with which she expressed her dislike, and the evidences of mingled shame and hurt pride in her tone, caused Frontenac to smile indulgently. He listened patiently until the end and then dismissed her, saying in a soothing tone: "I will consider the matter more, believe me I shall not stand in your way of escape from this rascal, but shall aid you all in my power."

Renee thanked him and arose to go. As she passed through the anteroom she was startled at finding Tontil standing by the window, evidently awaiting an opportunity to see the comte. He, too, was surprised at beholding her, and bowed low as she passed, muttering some commonplace greeting. She, however, neither noticed his bow, his words, nor himself, but with eyes fixed in front of her, passed rapidly through the door with an air of haughty pride and disdain that would have done credit to mademoiselle herself, and was gone.

Frontenac saw this by-play and laughed at the useful countenance with which Tontil greeted him.

"There seems to be some mistake," he said. "You apparently think you know the fair comte, while she believes differently. Ah! you knave, trying your fascinations on every pretty woman you meet!"

"Pardon, M. le Comte," replied Tontil, stiffly. "I knew the young lady before leaving France, hence my salutation. She probably did not see me."

"Very likely," responded Frontenac, dryly. "Since you know her so well she will probably tell you how it happens she is here and all about herself. It will save me the trouble."

Tontil gripped him by the wrist nervously. "Come," he said, "you are my friend. Tell me when and why did she leave France?"

Frontenac, seeing the young man's earnestness, good-naturedly told him of the arrival of his charge.

"She has fled from Louis," murmured Tontil. "But why this garb of a religious?"

"To escape the attentions of a worthless adventurer who came in the same ship. She wished to become a nun, but I was not willing to allow that."

"Wished to become a nun!" exclaimed Tontil, in astonishment. "How can that be? She loves La Salle, and he is devoted."

"Loves La Salle!" laughed Frontenac long and loudly. "Ho! ho! my friend, I happen to know better than that."

Tontil's face flushed angrily. He took a step forward, crying, "You know? What can you know—unless, par Dieu! you are wooing her and intend to marry her yourself?"

Frontenac fairly choked with merriment at these irreverent words. When he was able to speak again he said:

"Mordieu! one at a time! Do I want both ears boxed? But come, my worthy friend, sit down and evaporate your wrath."

Tontil took several strides up and down the room, then turning to his companion, exclaimed:

"Pardon, mon ami, but I am distracted and know not what I say. Hear me, and decide if I have not reason for my madness. I meet a beautiful woman in Paris. I worship and adore her. She is friendly. I leave France; and my comrade, the whom I have sworn to aid and defend, confides to my honor a mighty secret, tells me that he loves the same woman, and that he has every reason to believe that he can win her. Two years later I approach a besieged seignior in the wilderness and find her, the woman I love and whom I left across the seas, as the defender of the post. I meet her here; she will not even recognize me. You talk of her and tell me she desires the convent and the veil. Mon Dieu! what am I to believe?"

"You have never told me of your love?" asked the comte in return.

"I could hardly do so after my friend and companion had honored me with his confidence, little dreaming of my own feelings toward her," replied Tontil, proudly.

Frontenac watched the young man muttering. "One can never know a woman's mind. If Madame Bizard were here—"

"Madame Bizard?" cried Tontil. "She has never known her?"

"Certainly! It was to her charge that I confided the girl when she first came."

"Miserable!" ejaculated Tontil. He then related to the governor the details of the attempt to entrap him through the agency of that woman before he had left Quebec.

Frontenac opened his eyes and whistled softly. "She then has reason to dislike you. She offered to become your dishonorable friend; you repulsed her, she accordingly became your dishonored enemy. I see," he muttered to himself after a moment's thought.

"See what?" exclaimed Tontil.

"Nothing," was the mysterious reply, "except the sunlight advancing along the floor, which reminds me that time passes. Perhaps I may find a solution to your riddle some day."

After Tontil had left the room Frontenac sat awhile buried in thought. At



"I HAVE DONE THE BEST I COULD."

length his brow cleared, his lips parted in a smile, and he laughed at some idea that occurred to him. He evidently relished his little joke, for the next week the mere sight of Tontil or Renee in the distance was sufficient to set his sides a-shaking. The savor of his jest was so enjoyable that it kept him in excellent humor at the next council meeting, so that for the first time since the arrival of Duchesneau there was absolutely no friction. His merriment even followed him into sleep, and he found himself awaking with a laugh on more than one occasion.

He sent for Renee one day, and, taking her hand in his great palm, said kindly: "Ma chere, I have been considering the request you made me, and am persuaded that you are right. I believe indeed it is for your best happiness that you should go. I will send you to Montreal with the nun that accompanies you, there to await the arrival of the rest of the expedition that I am dispatching to the relief of La Salle, and which will be large enough to protect you. Then," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "I know you will not find in the woods another rascal as base as you believe M. Tontil to be."

To Tontil he said in farewell:

"I have been thinking over your predicament of mind, and can give you no solution now. Time will determine all things and set matters right. Now banish all thoughts of love, and back with all speed to your comrades. I have made arrangements for the most important load of all to be shipped from Montreal. When you arrive there you will receive it. Guard it with your very life, and convey it in your own canoe, as it will prove indeed to be a treasure for La Salle."

He watched Tontil's figure grow smaller and smaller in the distance, and finally turned away with a sigh and the enigmatical remark, "I have done the best I could. If they do not find themselves, it will not be my fault."

As they paddled up the stream on the return voyage, the men kept time to an old chanson that they sang lustily. Tontil did not join in the song. His mind and heart were filled with a strange perplexity. He had been unable to see Renee again during his stay in Quebec, and rumors had reached him that she had left again for some distant point on an errand of mercy. Her refusal to recognize him still rankled in his heart. He knew not what he could have done to merit her disapproval. He had intended speaking to her of La Salle and telling her of his bravery and determination.

thinking that she would be content to talk to him, and thus, although it were to discuss the excellencies of his rival, he would find a certain sweet satisfaction in being with her. Then, too, what would his comrade think when he told him that he had seen her, and yet brought no message from her? A feeling of weariness passed over him, that weariness of living that comes at times to every man, as the result of baffled endeavor or hope deferred, that clogging effect of our imperfect human nature upon the ever-buoyant spiritual. But the thought of the patient, steadfast heart awaiting him, that wavered not nor faltered, although surrounded on every hand by foes open and secret, by the giant obstacles of nature, and the checks of chance and circumstance, quickened Tontil's fortitude and purpose, until his paddle cleft the water and tossed its glistening spray as gallantly as any voyager.

Renee waited at Montreal the arrival of the party with a feeling of relief and happiness. The voyage from Quebec had been made without discomfort, and as long as the leagues were left behind her spirits had risen, and she had given herself up to the enjoyment of the healthful, vigorous life about her. At length it was announced that the fleet had arrived, and her escort was in waiting. She thereupon repaired with her companion to the river-side to embark, with a light heart, full of hope for the long journey before her. Upon nearing the designated place she caught the glint from the paddles of a group of canoes that had already started, and saw the one remaining craft that awaited their arrival. On reaching the landing, she beheld the leader engaged in conversation with one of the fur-traders.

He turned toward her, and she recognized in him the man from whom she had fled. She saw him start and flush, as though with feigned surprise. She stood rooted to the spot in astonishment and anger. How he could have learned of her proposed expedition she could not comprehend, as she had taken great care at Quebec that her destination should not be known; no one but the superior and Frontenac knew, and she did not believe that either of these would betray her. The presumption of the man who, knowing her aversion to him, had forced his society upon her was insufferable. But nothing could be done now. The remainder of the canoes had already departed and there was no escape, so summoning to her aid all the pride of a race that for generations had conquered or suffered, as the case might be through their haughtiness, she disregarded the doffed cap and proffered arm, and took her appointed seat without a word.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE PERILS OF THE DEEP ARE MET, AND POMPON CLIMBS A TREE.

Through the long sunny days, past cape and river-mouth, flower-fringed bank and wooded islands, the expedition hurried on without let or hindrance from human foe or Nature's adverse whim. Renee contented herself with conversing in low tones with her companion, whilst Tontil from his position in the bow rather spoke nor turned his head. On landing he superintended carefully the erection of the bark hut that sheltered the women for the night and made all ready for their occupancy. Their meals were cooked and served as daintily as the rude means available would allow, the Mohegan hunter in some mysterious manner always providing fresh fowl or fish or tender bird to tempt their appetite. To him and to Pompon who served them Renee was all graciousness; but Tontil, who cared for every detail and who, unknown to them, slept before their door each night, received no thanks. He did not attempt to force himself upon them, maintaining always a respectful distance and a demeanor full of deferential courtesy. Delightful as these attentions would have been from the Tontil she had first known, they became under the circumstances anything but agreeable, almost unbearable; for it seemed to Renee that, perceiving, as he must, her repugnance for him, he was choosing the most successful way to torture her and render her miserable. And so the bitterness in her heart for the man she had once loved increased.

At length the distant glimpse of the walls of Port Frontenac was hailed with delight as being the end of the first stage of their long pilgrimage. They landed amid the welcome of guns and shouts of men. Tontil provided the commanding officer's house for the use of Renee and the nun, and detailed one of the mission girls to wait upon them. A slight delay was necessary here in order to transfer the contents of the canoes to a small 20-ton vessel that was placed at the disposal of Tontil. With this the men were to sail directly across the lake to the Niagara river and haul the goods to the fort before Tontil reached it. This would save some time. He preferred to coast along the southern shore of the lake with his party in their canoe, a procedure less dangerous as well as one of greater comfort for his passengers. While these matters were being arranged, Renee and the nun wandered about the Indian settlement near the fort, viewing their mode of living with much interest, as this was the first glimpse of an Indian camp that they had ever had. They were received with kindness, and sought to relieve the sufferings of two or three of the old men of the tribe who were bedridden.

One day Renee had allowed the nun to return to the fort ahead of her and was sauntering along the edge of the lake. She finally stopped at a point overlooking the water and stood gazing at the scene spread out before her. The distant buildings of the fort and the curling smoke from the fire of the Indian encampment were the only

signs of human habitation visible. Behind her, a few yards distant, was the dark green of the primeval forest, while in front on one side stretched the watery wastes of a great sea. Her thoughts passed over the restless surface of another greater sea to the land of her birth, and a feeling of loneliness came over her as she realized her isolated position, and she wondered at the strange vicissitudes of the life that le bon Dieu had led her through. The recollection of that bright day at Choleys came to her afresh, when in her girlish eagerness she had penned the words of the song she had sung; penned them to the throbbing of a heart newly awakened to the first tender thrills of a strange, new passion that seemed to satisfy all the yearnings of her nature and made all things new. "Until he comes," she murmured in a saddened, dreamy retrospect. Ah! why had he not come—or rather, why had he who had come not proved worthy? Was love, then, all a dream; were no men deserving; was there not one who would merit all that rich store of heart and mind that she felt was hers to give? Would he come to her in this vast wilderness? Ah! when and who?

"I am come," spoke a familiar voice in a hesitating tone, and then stopped. She wheeled quickly about and saw Tontil standing a few paces behind her. She had been so busied with her own thoughts that she had not heard him break through the cover of the wood and approach. On his back was a huge load of small balsam boughs that he had cut. He threw them down beside him, and, removing his cap, continued:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, if I have frightened you. I have been gathering fresh material for your bed hard by. I fear you have rested ill on the solid matted mass you found already there."

Renee's eyes blazed. "Do you not know, monsieur, that your attentions are distasteful to me, that I would rather sleep upon the bare ground than upon a downy couch that you had prepared?" she said.

Tontil was startled at her heat, and his cheek reddened. He answered, however, in a calm voice:

"I am come, as I was about to tell you, to thank you for a service rendered me, and to ask you to hearken to the few words I have to say. Will you not listen to me?"

"I can hardly choose but hear," was the disdainful reply, "since you are standing in the only path by which I can escape."

The young man stepped to one side, leaving the way open, and said with a serious haughtiness in his voice: "I do not wish to detain you against your will. 'Twas but a simple civil request I made, and one that I felt I had a right to expect would be granted."

Again Renee broke forth:

"Right! What rights have you over me that I am bound to respect?" Then feeling herself the ungraciousness of her speech, she continued more quietly: "Go on; I will listen."

"I wish to thank you, then," began Tontil, "for your assistance in my escape from Paris. It was admirably planned and all the arrangements were perfect. I feel I owe it to you that I was not detained in France as the result of the unfortunate ending of my duel with the Comte de Miron."

(To Be Continued.)

Wit of an Australian Bishop.

A certain bishop, happily still with us, though retired from the cares of his colonial diocese, was famous throughout Australia no less for his quaint conceits than for his spiritual vigor and eloquence. When one of the clergy described a wealthy parish-loner as a careless, indifferent sort of a man, who cared only for his garden during the day and his billiard room at night, he said: "Garden! Billiards! Don't call him careless; he evidently minds his peas and cucs." To the rude question of a dissipated passenger board ship, "Why do you wear that thing?" (a cross), he replied: "For the same reason that you wear a red nose—as a mark of my occupation."—Strand Magazine.

Wandering Wag.

In a good many western states where one railroad has gobbled up most of the available right-of-way land in the immediate vicinity of a town, the railroads subsequently building thither have to build their stations at the nearest available point to the place. An instance of this is found at the town of Oswego, Kan. The other day a traveling post office inspector from Philadelphia was getting off a Frisco train at that place. When he had driven a mile or so from the station, and was beginning to get into the straggling suburbs of a village, he called out to the driver of the bus: "Say driver, is this the nearest town to that station where I got off?"—Baltimore American.

Clear as Mud.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the meaning of the word "equinox?" Mr. Chugwater—It comes from "equus," horse, and "noxious," bad. Bad for horses. Will you never learn to use your own mind?—Chicago Tribune.

Meant Him.

Bess—I really think May is in love with you. Jack—Really? Why?

"I heard her remark yesterday that homeliness in a man is not really a drawback, but a sign of character."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Substitute.

Mrs. Youngish—Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff.

Mr. Youngish—Well, that's all right. Give him the call.—Smith's Weekly.

RATE BILL'S FOES BLUNDER

Have Failed on Every Point on Which They Have Tried to Score.

The tables have been turned effectively against the enemies of the railway rate bill in the senate. The bill has been reported on time, it has the right of way in that chamber, and its friends are even more encouraged at the favorable outlook for it than they were two weeks ago, or even one week ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mr. Aldrich and a few of the other railway senators supposed that by depositing Dolliver as the rate bill's champion in the senate and by putting the bill in charge of Tillman they would hit the president, hit Dolliver, and discredit the bill among the Republicans by making it appear that it was a Democratic measure.

On every point they have failed. The president and Senator Dolliver are delighted that the Hepburn bill, which they favored, has been reported to the senate. The railroad senators have shown their discouragement and desperation by the tactics which they adopted. The Republican friends of the bill have been reinforced by some wavering senators, who resent the attack which has been made upon their party by Aldrich's attempt to make it appear that the bill is a Democratic measure. Tillman himself, who was expected to fall into the Aldrich trap and feel vain over the undeserved honor which the handful of Republican obstructives cast upon him, is treating the matter seriously, and is determined to do all he can to push the bill to enactment.

There is no politics in the rate bill, but it was framed by a Republican representative, passed by a Republican house, has been reported to a Republican senate, and will get enough Republican votes in the senate to pass it even if the Democrats were to oppose it. To this extent the rate regulation law, when it goes on the statute book a few weeks hence, will be Republican legislation, although the Republican party has not been claiming it as a party measure. If any party capital is to be made out of rate legislation it will be made by the Republicans.

Democratic jubilation over Republican opposition to the bill, and their attempt to make it appear a Democratic measure, will not avail. A Republican congress will have the credit of passing it and a Republican president will place his signature to it. It will be a Republican statute so far as it can be said to have any connection with any party. Nevertheless, the Republicans are determined to keep the bill out of politics altogether, if they can.

EQUITABLE AND JUST.

Proposition Which Should Receive the Immediate Favor of Congress.

The need for a permanent, non-partisan tariff commission to recommend to congress from time to time such changes as may be in the interest of the public was never more apparent than now. We are confronted by a very serious condition. Within a very few weeks the new German tariff will go into effect, which discriminates very seriously against American exports. It is a flexible tariff, which ours is not, and can be reduced to a minimum rate to those governments which are in a position to force such a concession. A bill has been prepared to impart the quality of elasticity to the American tariff. It does not provide for any reduction of the schedules of the Dingley tariff, but fixes a uniform maximum rate 25 per cent. higher, which will be enforced against the products of any nation which discriminates against United States goods.

This is a perfectly just and equitable proposition, says the Brooklyn Times. Its adoption would disturb or derange no American industry, nor would it affect our trade relations with any nation except Germany which would speedily find it to its advantage to place the United States on the favored list. It should be passed in congress without hesitation or debate.

OPINIONS OF EDITORS.

✓The present volume of our foreign trade is practically double what it was ten years ago under the Wilson-Gorman "reform" tariff. As a matter of fact, our country is some billion dollars or more further away from non-intercourse than it was before the Dingley tariff went into effect.—American Economist.

✓It is because of the "stand-patters" that we are to have no tariff war with Germany. They were in a position to make it unprofitable for any country to inaugurate a tariff war. Germany counted the cost of exclusion from the American market. She sized up the "stand-patters" correctly and decided not to try conclusions with them. It is a war maxim that Providence is usually to be found on the side of the heaviest artillery. The "stand-pat" guns were the biggest. Hence there was nothing doing.—American Economist.

✓Senator Tillman always has plenty of information to impart to the senate, whether the pending question relates to railroad rates, race prejudice or blended booze.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

✓When the "progressives" argue that our system of tariff is an injury to the farmers, the Democrats who, after years of hard work, failed to make the farmers believe it, are standing back laughing in their sleeves. The farmers are too busy raking in the shekels from the good Republican times to worry much about the tariff hurting them.—Cedar Falls Gazette.

HAD HEART PAINS

A Critical Case of Rheumatism Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

While Mr. W. S. Geisel, of No. 125 East Cones street, Moberly, Mo., was steadily working at his trade in a foundry at that place, he became the victim of an attack of rheumatism, and his experience is that of thousands who are compelled to work in similar surroundings. He describes his situation as follows:

"I had been at work for a long time in a foundry where I was exposed to dampness. First my feet began to hurt and to swell, then my knees and my shoulder joints began to be affected in the same way. Finally I could not walk without great difficulty and suffering and had to stop work altogether. My appetite was feeble and I grew very pale and weak. I began to have pains about my heart and it fluttered a great deal. I became greatly alarmed about my condition. My mother knew about the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they had given her back her health when she was nearly wasting to death, and when she found that they were good for rheumatism too, she began to give them to me about a month after I was attacked. That was in the early part of March, 1903, and by June they had driven away the pains and swelling and had restored my appetite and color. Then I felt strong enough to take up a line of outdoor work and now, in October, I regard myself as entirely well and I am about to go into a foundry again at St. Louis."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills also cure other diseases springing from impure blood or disordered nerves, such as sciatitis, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis and all forms of weakness in male or female. They may be had at all druggists or directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CHURCH CELEBRITIES.

Joseph Nix, the Wesleyan reformer, took 3,845 signatures to the pledge in a nine days' gospel temperance meeting recently held in Bradford, England.

Rev. Silvester Horne has a billiard room at Whitefield tabernacle, London, says the Ram's Horn, and he says it has been the best recruiting ground for his church.

Rev. Mr. Rowell of Porter, I. T., wields the sledge in his blacksmith shop on week days and attends to his ministerial duties on Sundays. He recently married Anna Gardner and Sam Acre in his blacksmith shop, not even stopping long enough to wash his face.

Father Boulet, a venerable Oregon priest, blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, has decided to dispose of some of his wealth by building churches. He is now building a church at Blaine, in that state, and has offered the Catholics of Lyndon to erect one there, provided only that they secure the site.

Father F. Ramsey, after 40 years of labor in the wilds of Ashantiand, Africa, is spending a brief vacation in the United States. One of his experiences was when he was captured by the Ashantis, who, while they allowed himself and family freedom during the day, bound him in irons every night. Mr. Ramsey still carries his shackles about with him on his travels.

Rev. Robert Hurley is the only Congregational minister who is a member of that famous London club, the Athenaeum, and he is also a F. R. S. It is curious to reflect that whereas he has made a world-wide reputation as a mathematician, he showed but little aptitude for mathematics as a boy, and was 14 before he really knew his multiplication table.

An Exception.

"Yes, I'm always in hot water." "Gee, you must have a model janitor."—Houston Post.

GRAND TO LIVE

And the Last Laugh Is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is."

"Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends greeted me with 'How did you look? What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting."

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged."

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong."

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they inquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 30 days.